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Poor Little Bessie.

Out in the gloomy night, sadly I roam,
I have no mother dear, no pleasant home,
No one cares for me, no one would cry,
Even if poor little Bessie should die.
Weary and tired, I've wander'd all day
Asking for work, but I'm too small they say,
On the cold ground, I must lay my head,
Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead.
We were so happy 'till father drank rum,
Then all our sorrow and troubles begun,
Mother grew pale, and wept every day,
Baby and I were too hungry to play.
Slowly they faded, 'till one summer night,
I found their dead faces, all silent and white,
Then with big tears, dropping, I said,
Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead.
O, if temperance men, only could find,
Poor wretched father, and talk very kind,
If they could stop him from drinking, why then,
I should be very happy again.
Is it too late? Temperance men, please try,
Or poor little Bessie must soon starve and die.
On the damp ground I must lay my head,
Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead.

THE COOK DID IT.

I don't mean the bread, omelette, or potatoes. Of course the cook did those, and beautifully too. But now I come to think, was it the cook, or was it the wash-woman? Well, here's for my story, and you shall judge for yourself.
Everybody knows that my sister Nell is an uncommonly pretty girl; but very few know what an uncommonly clever girl she is. Why, she can do anything; from playing the last new opera, to making the traditional "cherry pie—quick as a cat can wink its eye," you know.
So, as I was far from strong that summer, Nell came to tide me over the jelly, jam, and preserve season; and this being my first experience, of course I took a tragic interest in these culinary mysteries. Everything was going on beautifully, until one day my sister came in with consternation depicted on her every feature; and you may be sure it was reflected on mine, when she exclaimed:
"Only think, Sister! Mammy has had another of her 'spells,' and declares she must take a rest, now that I have come to help you."
"That does look formidable," I answered, as cheerily as I could; "but you shan't be cook and house-keeper too; for of course Mammy won't leave until we can get some one in her place, and I'll inquire at once."
So inquiries were set on foot, and much to my relief, in the course of the day, a neat, pleasant-looking girl applied, and was promptly installed in Mammy's place. Molly developed the most outspoken admiration for Nell; and one day, in the midst of a grand evening—Nell, flushed and warm, looking even prettier than usual in her dainty cook-apron, whose fluted ruffles had excited my ridicule—she suddenly said:
"Miss Nell, you know I lives in B—; and when I'm at home I takes in washing; and I washes for a gentleman that's the very beau for you! He's the handsomest young man in town—all the young ladies are proud to have him for a beau; and he always comes after his clean clothes himself—brings the prettiest basket, lined inside with blue silk, and all trimmed up with bows—says he likes the walk after his day's work."
Nellie's laugh rang out gaily, as she said:
"What an idea! When you go back, Mollie, tell him to send me a photograph of that dainty basket. I want it for my collection."
"Yes'm, I will," said Molly, seriously, never suspecting a joke.
Time wore on, and one day Molly announced that she was due in B—, and if Mammy was well enough to return, she would leave the next week. So good-bye was spoken, regretfully on both sides—and we thought our quondam cook had passed entirely out of our lives.
Our little city was unusually gay that winter, and Nellie's bright face and winning ways accomplished their mission; so their were beaux, buggy rides, and balls in abundance. As the Christmas Holidays drew near, many and merry were

the consultations we had for the Christmas "goodies." Of course the fruit cake must have early attention; and one day, as we sat in our cosy dining room, I "blanching almonds," Nell "seeding raisins," Charlie sauntered in, and with such an assumption of innocence and ease as at once excited suspicion, handed Nell a letter, whose worn and delapidated exterior was painfully suggestive of a long sojourn in his inside pocket.
"Why, this is a new one," she exclaimed, gazing curiously at the graceful, manly writing. "Whom can it be from?"
"Suppose you open it, and see," suggested Charlie, humbly.
"To be sure," said Nell, briskly; and with a little grimace at the dirty, shabby-looking envelope, proceeded to tear it open.
Her first glance of astonishment was succeeded by a perfect burst of laughter, as she handed the enclosure to me. In answer to my look of puzzled enquiry, with another burst of laughter, she pointed to the scarcely legible B— post-mark, and explained:
"Don't you remember Molly, and her young man with the basket? The goose actually carried my nonsensical message to him!"
A light burst upon me, whose rays enabled me to understand the picture, which was only a pretty willow basket, on a small table, with the top partly raised to show the dainty inside lining of blue—for it was daintily colored. On the back is written: "The clothes-basket requests a photograph of the cook-apron."
"Well, I never!" said Charlie, solemnly; "Molly has evidently descended on our domestic paraphernalia!"
"What a lark!" cried Nell, gaily. "I'll go to town to-morrow, and have its 'pictur' took,' as Mammy says. What a blessing," she added positively, "that it's clean and fluted and all!" All of which, we, the initiated, understood to refer to the fateful apron.
"But, Nell," I say, "you don't even know his name."
"What's his name, and where's his name, I donna choose to tell," sang Nell. "But I know, all the same; for see," holding up a card; "this came with the picture. Of course there can be no harm in such nonsense, and I'm going down to Bell's this very afternoon, and will be the first woman in history to have a photograph of her cook-apron. And you are going with me," she winds up breathlessly, to me.
"Of course I am," is my meek reply. "That's what I've been doing all my life, until I left you for a better lot"—with an approving glance at my big husband.
So that afternoon, after Charlie's assurance that "he could see no harm in it," Nell and I, with the all-important apron, go to Bell's. The photographer's undisguised amazement when his subject is introduced, may be better imagined than described; but when Nell, in her prettiest way explains, the young artist fully enters into the joke. At first we are at a loss how to display our subject's beauties; but, after some demur on my part, we agree that Nell shall lend herself for the occasion.
"Mind that her face is completely concealed by a cloud or something," I say.
So, donning the apron, Nell poses in her most bewitching attitude—a breathless pause—and the deed is done.
"Reminds me of Bluebeard and his headless family," says Charlie, critically examining the picture, which had just been sent home.
"One good thing," I retort; "it's the man will get the worst of it, this time. For I know just how tantalizing that young man will find this headless woman; and I wonder how many heads he will fit on these dainty shoulders, seeking the right one. But," I protest indignantly, "you are taking that young man in shamefully"—pointing to a dainty cardinal bow on the pocket. "You know you never wear

a bow on your pocket when you go to the kitchen!"
"Well, I could if I wanted to, and of course we all fix up a little extra when we have our pictures taken. Besides—why can't I have bows on my apron, as well as he on his old clothes-basket?" says Nell saucily.
So this queer picture is duly sealed and directed to "Mr. Harry W. Herndon," and Nell, outwardly unconscious, impatiently awaits further developments, for she feels in her heart that the end is not yet.
About this time the girls of our set can talk of nothing else but a ball that is planned for New Year's, and think of nothing else but what they shall wear. For this is to be a common-place affair, with regulation ball-dress, but a "calico ball," where each girl is to make herself charming after her own fancy, and in every-day garments. When the eventful night at last arrives, Nell, in her saucy little cook's costume, apron and cap complete, is quite a success.
"You have taken poetic license in the construction of that cap," I say critically, eyeing the dainty lace structure on her head. "And what a fondness you have developed for that apron, cardinal bow and all," I add mischievously.
Nell blushes, and seems to regard the entrance of her escort as a very pleasant digression. Later, when Charlie and I look in on the gay scene, we find all the girls looking so pretty as to justify the young men in the rosiest assertion that "the young ladies look so pretty in calico, they ought to wear it all the time."
"But where's Nell?" I say to Ned Channing, who chances to be talking to me.
"Oh!" said he gloomily, "a new victim has carried her off to some secluded nook."
"But who?"—with a smile at Ned's lowering brow.
"Why," said he, "I stepped round to the hotel this evening, just after the 6 p. m. train got in; and when the bus drove up, the first fellow to jump out was Harry Herndon."
"Oh!" said I, involuntarily.
"Hello!" says Ned, suspiciously, "is he a friend of yours?"
"No, oh no! we never met him," is my innocent reply. "But you?"
"Oh! I've known him for years—went through college together. So I insisted on bringing him with me to-night, assuring him that the beauty and the chivalry, and all that, would be here. To my surprise, he consented to come; for he's not much of a society man. But the queer part is," added he, reflectively, "that he at once singled Miss Nell out; asked to be introduced, and when I called his name, Miss Nell blushed, and they both looked so—so—as if they had met before."
I saw that night how it would be, and time proved me correct. For that first was but the beginning of many visits—so that at last people began to smile knowingly, and Nell to blush consciously, whenever Mr. Herndon's tall form was seen ascending our door-steps.
So I was not at all surprised when one day that gentleman exclaimed triumphantly:
"Veni! Vidi! Vici! Congratulate me, my dear Mrs. Chamberlain; the cook-apron has at last agreed to set up housekeeping with the clothes-basket!"
Before the spring had melted into summer again, Nell was "wood and married, an' a' that." Many and urgent are the invitations sent me to visit her in her lovely new home; but it is not until she has been married a year that I can do so. Everything is charming, and Nell the proudest and happiest little house-wife imaginable.
"Nell," say I solemnly at parting, "I don't envy you your husband or your baby, for mine or just as nice; but I do envy you your cook!"
For Molly is the presiding genius of her kitchen, and declares with much satisfaction that she "shone made that match." As for that fateful basket, it has been invited to "come up higher." It no longer holds clean shirts, but is relined and furnished up with fresh bows,

and contains the dainty toilet appurtenances of Master Harry, Jr. The cook apron, daintily fluted and folded, is carefully laid away as an heirloom for posterity. It is only brought out to cook the anniversary dinner in, and Harry declares that his wife never looks so pretty in anything else.
LILY MOORE WATSON.
Curious Trees
The india rubber tree is a native of India and South America.
The guava tree, from the fruit of which the delicious guava jelly is made, is a native of the Indies.
In Malabar a tree called the tallo tree grows. From the seed of it, when boiled, is procured a firm tallo which makes excellent candles.
There is a tree in Jamaica called the life tree, whose leaves grow even when severed from the plant. It is impossible to kill it, save by fire.
The banyan tree is a native of India, and is an object of great veneration among the Hindus and Brahmans, who look upon it as an emblem of the Deity.
The manna-tree grows in Sicily and Calabria. In August the tree is tapped, and the sap flows out, after which it hardens by evaporation and the manna is left, of a sweet and nauseating taste.
The sorowful tree is found in the island of Goa, near Bombay. It is so called because it flourishes in the night. At sunset no flowers are to be seen, but soon afterward it is covered with them, which close up or fall off as the sun rises. It has a fragrant odor, and blossoms at night the year round.
The camphor tree grows in Japan, and some of the islands of the Pacific. The camphor is extracted from the wood of this tree, where it is formed in concrete lumps, some of which are as large as a man's arm, though this is rare. The tree has to be sacrificed to procure this camphor.
The date tree is a palm tree, and leaves cut from the date tree, under the name of palms, are used in the ceremonies of palm Sunday, which is the Sunday before Easter, when the multitude cut down paintrees, and strewed them in the path of our Lord. Almost every part of this tree is valuable. It is valuable for its fruit, and for the palm wine drawn from its trunk. Its leaves are made into hats and baskets, and the fibres of the stem of the leaves are made into ends and twine.
The milk tree is a native of South America. Its fruit is about the size of a small apple; but the milk is the greatest wonder, which is produced by making notches through the bark. At first when it runs out it is as thick as cream. It has the same properties as glue.
There is also the cow tree, or palo de vaca, which grows on rocks in Venezuela, South America. It has dry leathery leaves; and by making incisions in its trunk, a kind of milk oozes out which is tolerably thick, and of agreeable balsmy smell. At sunrise the natives may be seen hastening from all quarters furnished with large bowls to receive the milk.
A tree called the traveler's tree, of Madagascar, yields a copious supply of fresh water from its leaves, very grateful to the traveler. It grows in the most arid countries, and is another proof of the tender care of our Heavenly Father in supplying all His creatures' wants.
The island of Fierro, one of the largest of the Canaries, is so dry that not even a rivulet can be found; but by a wonderful provision of Providence, there is a species of a similar fresh water tree, the leaves of which are narrow and long, and continue green throughout the entire year. There is also a constant cloud surrounding the tree which is condensed, and falling drops, keeps the cisterns placed under them constantly full.

WHAT MY WIFE SAID.
"A Word Filly Spoken is Like Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver."
"John," said my wife one night when, after a hard and trying day, I sat awaiting the preparation of the evening meal; it had not only been a hard day, but it was a troublesome time in business, when other business men besides myself went home with the burden of the day's care scarcely lifted from their shoulders and sought the comfort of the home nest and the consolation of home friends. I know that I showed my weariness and anxiety in my face as well as in my attitude, and the look of loving sympathy with which she had greeted my rather dejected home-coming half an hour before had in a measure prepared me for the words of cheer and helpfulness I knew she was about to utter. In all our married life Jennie had never failed in hours of weariness and discouragement to bring forward some ray from her sunny mind and turn it into my gloomy path and lighten it up and inspire me with somewhat of her own sanguine hopefulness. It never failed, to be some wise, well chosen, thoughtful word, well suited to the occasion and fitted to the circumstance. She was concise and terse in what she said, and never given to long speeches, but the words were formed in a busy and thoughtful mind and came from a warm and sympathetic heart.
"John," she said—and as she stood there, beaming, before me, having just left her task in the dining room to come to me, as if anxious to convey the loving thought betimes, that it might the sooner raise my jaded spirits, I noticed how the passage of the years had changed her face. It seemed to my partial eyes that nothing had been lost of the bloom and freshness that had marked it when years before I, unquestionably younger and fresher than now, had been her favored sojourner among all the village gallants, but that it had grown richer and deeper. She had never been accounted beautiful in the accepted sense of the word, but hers was a beauty that was more than skin deep; and now, as I gazed, it seemed to come from soul depths and glow in every feature, matured and dignified, but in no way faded by the action of time. I noted all this and more as she came forward and laid her hand on my forehead in the caress so old and familiar in its method, yet so new and welcome in its electric sympathy. The caress itself seemed to bring me some passage of the meaning of her yet unspoken words; and such is the quick intelligence of sympathetic hearts, such the perceptive anticipation, the faith, perhaps it was, for a nature hungering for comforting sympathy and knowing that it is coming from a never failing source, that I could almost have repeated in advance of their utterance the words she was about to speak.
"John"—and I have no doubt at all that the little woman realized as she spoke the words how much of cheering inspiration they would bring to me, for face shone with a peaceful, contented happiness that seemed all incongruous with the anxious state of my own mind had I not so fully sensed their blessed significance and felt so confident that what she had to say to me would be of such a nature as to completely justify the happy anticipation that gleamed in her eyes and trembled in her voice; "John"—and as she spoke a new light seemed to break in the comfortable home room and reveal its details in a freshly glorified aspect and a new-harmonized ensemble, like a beautiful picture which has ever since remained, an immortal painting on the canvas of my memory—the bright grate fire with its crackling blaze, the sleepy pussy cat dozing beside it, Jennie's own rocking chair opposite my corner, the pictures on the wall, the cheerful glimpse of the supper table through the open dining room door and by my side the brown haired, smiling, loving, comforting wife; I have often conjured up the picture since and dwelt upon

the beauty of it all and thought how after all it was what she said and the impressive manner of it that gave the scene its peculiar life and grace and brightness, such as it could have derived from no other source; "John"—even Tabby by the fire seemed to catch the spirit of the moment as she raised and stretched herself from her nap and looked up expectantly; "John"—and I remember now how the clink of the dishes, as the girl was putting the finishing touches to the table, seemed to float in and mingle and chime with her voice, not jarring with the spell, but seeming to rise to her inspiring theme and to form a fit accompaniment to the whole; "John," she said, and her voice took on a richer tone as the words followed, while her eyes, looking down into mine, encouraged by the earnest, hopeful joy the confident, expectant gaze they met from mine, "John, dear, supper is ready!"—*Good Housekeeping.*
How to Coax a Man to Propose.
An elderly man was telling a group of giddy young girls the other day how he proposed to his wife when he was a young man. She was sewing at the time, he said, or he never would have had the courage to do it. If girls would sew more he thinks they would have more matrimonial chances. Sewing he considered the best accomplishment that a woman can have. A woman engaged with a needle has a domestic, homelike air that is irresistible to a man who loves her. It is a picture of what she would be in her home, and makes him long that it should be his also. How can a man propose to a girl who sits straight up in her chair staring hard at him with a pair of bright eyes? But when she is bending gracefully over a bit of plain or fancy sewing, apparently absorbed in counting the stitches, and the arrows of her eyes are sheathed for a few minutes, he plucks up courage enough to offer her his heart and hand. The average young man is bashful in such affairs, though bold enough at other times, and needs encouragement and opportunities. What sort of encouragement and opportunities! What sort of encouragement is a pair of bright eyes staring into his, watching his embarrassment? Listen to the advice of an old man who has been all through it; drop your eyes and give the young man a chance. Remember this, girls, when the favorite young man drops in to make an evening visit, get out your bit of fancy work and look domestic, and with every stitch of your needle you will bind his heart more firmly to your own.
This is the advantage the English girls are said to possess over the American girls—they are more domestic; if they shine less brilliantly in society their American sisters their domestic virtues shed a steady luster in their homes. This, of course, is looking at the question from an English point of view. The American girls are capable of doing both; domesticity is not incompatible with social brilliancy, and many of society's queens are careful house-keepers and devoted wives and mothers, keeping their sweetest words and smiles for their own homes.—*N. Y. Star.*
How Men Die.
If we know all the methods of approach, adopted by an enemy we are the better enabled to ward off the danger and postpone the moment when surrender becomes inevitable. In many instances the inherent strength of the body suffices to enable it to oppose the tendency toward death. Many however have lost these forces to such an extent that there is little or no hope. In other cases a little aid to the weakened lungs will make all the difference between sudden death and many years of useful life. Upon the first symptoms of a cough, cold or any trouble of the Throat or Lungs, give that old and well-known remedy—Boche's German Syrup, a careful trial. It will prove what thousands say of it to be the benefactor of our home."
The Echo Explained.
"What is an echo?" asked the teacher of the infant class:
"It's what you hear when you shout," replied a youngster.
"Is it caused by a bill or a bowl?" again asked the teacher.
"Both," was the ready reply.
"How so?"
"The bill throws back the hollow,"—*Binghamton Republican.*

Water as Fuel.
A clergyman, who is practical as well as theoretical, has a new invention. To say of a man that he would never set the river on fire has always been deemed symphonious with the assertion that he was a lullard or unambitious; therefore, he who can make water burn is a smart or even a great man, and such a man Rev. M. Alley, of Phillips, Wis., has proved himself to be. It was announced a few days since that a patent had been allowed Mr. Alley upon a mechanical device, the object of which was in effect the burning of water for fuel. At the first blush this would seem to be a preposterous proposition, but the inventor has fully demonstrated the fact that it is feasible. Briefly described the device consists of a retort. Out of the stove is a pipe through which the water is fed from a small tank. At the connection of the pipe and tank there is a piece of simple mechanism which regulates the flow of water. Connected with the retort in the stove is a cast-iron cylinder adapted in size to the stove or furnace in which it is placed. These parts comprise the whole of the mechanism of the device. The theory involved is the decomposition of the water by heat, the liberation of its component gases, and the combustion of these in an oxyhydrogen flame. The result aimed at, and it would seem attained, is to create through the composition of a moderate quantity of wood or coal a great amount of heat.
Your correspondent called upon Mr. Alley, and was shown the apparatus and witnessed an exhibition of its performance. The stove used was one of the ordinary box variety of medium size. A fire was built under and around the retort, the fuel used being a few handfuls of hard wood and pine wood chips. Pure water, brought directly from the pump, was poured into the tank, a stop-cock was turned and the water allowed to feed down into the tank. Soon there issued a low, roaring sound, and the opening of the stove presented to view a flame of pink color and intense heat. The heat radiated from the stove was much greater than would have resulted from the burning of light fuel alone. The stoppage of water supply by turning off the stop-cock caused the heat to quickly subside.
The invention has been investigated by a number of conservative men, and the general idea is that it is of great value. N. G. Halsted, of Milwaukee, is so much interested in the matter that he has secured a machine from the inventor, and will set it up and give exhibitions of its operation in Milwaukee. It is claimed by the inventor that the appliance can be used with advantage in the generation of power, but that its province is heating solely. There is no doubt that in furnace heating it will prove valuable. Mr. Alley is the Methodist preacher there, a man of great piety and earnestness, and is much respected. He has labored on this invention for about nine years, and of course is greatly pleased at the successful result of his work.
9. THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Barbours, Ind., says: "I and my wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure."—For sale by Jno. Reedy & Co., Lincolnton.
11. WHY WILL YOU cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cents, 50 cents and \$1.—For sale by John Reedy & Co., Lincolnton.
12. SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for CATARRH, Diphtheria and Canker-Mouth. For sale by John Reedy & Co.
13. "HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. For sale by John Reedy & Co., Lincolnton.
14. SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis. For sale by John Reedy & Co.
15. FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. For sale by John Reedy & Co.
16. A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. For sale by John Reedy & Co.
Advice to Mothers.
Mrs. W. W. W. says: "I have used Shiloh's Cure for my children's coughs and colds, and it has done me more good than any other medicine I have used. It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, always relieves the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle."